HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Proprietor.

HAZEL GREEN - - KENTUCKY.

HER WISH.

"I wish my fairy would come to-day
And brush the dust from these rooms away;

"The cobwebs, too, on the ceiling high,
Empty traps, with never a fly—

"How horrid they look! upon my life,
The torment of every tidy wife!

"I wish my fairy my place would take
In the kitchen, and let me see her bake,

"For I'm so weary I really dread
The thought of kneading a batch of bread."

Her husband heard her wish that day,
But scarcely heeding it, hurried away.

At night he locked his office door,
And gladly entered his home once more.

As round the cozy room he glanced,
His eyes with pleasure fairly danced.

The fire-dogs of polished brass,
For burnished gold almost would pass.

His easy chair was in its place—
Beside it beamed a smiling face.

No wonder that he turned to her,
Half husband and half worshiper,

And said: "Some fairy has had full sway
In every nook of our house to-day."

Forgotten were dust and cobwebs high,
And there was a light in somebody's eye;

For the heaviest tasks that burden a wife
Grow light when they brighten another's life.
—*Egbert L. Bangs, in Woman's Magazine.*

WAS SHE A COWARD?

Why Molly "Did Things" as if She Were Brave.

"Oh, Molly Bates! before I'd be such a 'fraid cat!" shouted Frank Parsons, as he saw Molly climb a five-rail fence and scramble up into an apple-tree, because Mr. Way's great dog came barking down the road. Poor Molly sat clinging to the bough of the tree, pale as a girl could be with the healthy tan of out-door life and summer suns on her face; trembling all over, eyes full of terror, and just ready to scream, when Mr. Way called off his great English mastiff, slipped the chain under his collar and led him away, growling like distant thunder. Molly crept down, and Frank went on:

"Before I'd climb an apple-tree 'cause I was 'fraid of a dog!"

Molly said nothing; her eyes were full of tears, for she liked her cousin Frank, who was spending the summer in Newfield, and yet she could not deny that she was very much afraid of the dog.

Molly was eight years older than Frank; a bright, sweet girl of seventeen she had never known her New York cousins till this summer, for they had been in Europe almost ever since Frank was born, as he crossed the ocean at six months old; and the three older Parsons children had only been to Newfield once, when they were very young. Alida was but nineteen now; Amy just six months older than Molly Bates. John, the oldest of all, was twenty-one, and a fashionable young man of the city. Frank had been sent to Newfield this summer because the family came back from abroad too late to put him in school, and they did not want him at Newport, or Saratoga, or Lenox; so he was sent to his uncle's in Newfield, and enjoyed himself as heartily there as ever a boy did enjoy country life with kindly, generous relatives. And Frank liked Molly very much; she was the oldest of Uncle Bates' two children; for little "Axe," as she called herself, was only four, and went by the name of "Baby" half the time, nobody ever using her real name of Achsah.

Boys do not care much for small children but are apt to fancy those older than themselves, and Frank took a great liking to Molly; she was always ready to go with him on the hills after berries; to show him where he could dig sassafras, pick wintergreen, find black birch for its odorous twigs, gather flag-buds, or honeysuckle apples; and she could show him every cold brook for two miles about where he could catch small trout, that Aunt Mary would fry for his supper. And Molly was such a pretty girl, with her soft hazel eyes, nut-brown curls, and rosy cheeks, all lit up by the sunniest smiles, that Frank admired her very much; but, alas! Molly sank a great many degrees in his esteem when he found out how afraid she was of a big dog, of a cow that was cross, of her father's fast horses; even of the big turkey-cock that came gobbling and bustling and attempting to fly at her when she crossed the barnyard with a little red shawl on her shoulders. Frank thought a girl ought to be as brave as a boy, and quite despised Molly because, he said:

"She's a real, old coward! 'Fraid of a dog! pooh! I'd just as lives slap that dog in the chops as not!"

"I wouldn't try it ef I was you," dryly remarked Hiram, the hired man. "Molly knows more'n you do about that there dog; he's uglier 'n all possessed. Way's tryin' his level best to get rid on him, before hayin', for he's bit two of their folks a'ready."

"Sho! he wouldn't bite a girl, I don't believe."

"I dono as he would, an' I dono *as* he wouldn't; but I wouldn't run no resks, not very fur," answered Hiram.

"Well, she's 'fraid of Bill an' Joe."

"I wish't you was. I dono what your folks think on't, but ef you was my boy you shouldn't no more drive them young hosses than nothing! They ain't half broke."

"Well, Uncle isn't goin' to let me; he said he was only funnin' when he asked if I didn't want to take them over to the village for the mail."

"Kinder lucky you didn't. I expect he had some outlook for your bones. As for Molly, she's got grit enough for any girl. You no need to be pickin' at her; she's 'bout as good as they're made."

"She's a 'fraid cat, anyhow!"

Hiram laughed, and Frank had the last word.

But he still despised Molly for being a coward, and wandered about after Hiram at his work, or followed his uncle to the field a great deal more than he had; really, to Molley's relief, for though she was fond of the bright, good-natured boy, it was a heavy tax on her time and patience to wait on and watch him as she felt obliged to, as long as he wanted her society. She had time now to do some sewing, and help her mother, time to read and study in the books she had brought home from school.

But, after all, they were both sorry to part when the end of September came, and Frank was sent for to go home. They promised to write to each other, and perhaps would have kept the promise, only after two weeks Mrs. Bates received a letter from her sister asking her to let Molly spend the winter with them, and go to school if she wished.

This was what Molly had always wanted; she had gone to Newfield high school till she had learned all that was to be taught there, and she did very earnestly wish for a little more schooling, for she meant to be a teacher. Mr. Bates was not a rich man. He had a good farm, and could give his family all the food and clothing needful for them, but he never had any money to spare. And Mrs. Bates had told Molly not to ask her father to send her away to school, because he could not afford it.

Mrs. Parsons had learned all about Molly's wish from Frank, who had no scruple about asking his cousin questions; and as Mr. Bates had refused to consider Frank as any thing but a welcome visitor all that long summer, it relieved his mother from a great sense of obligation to offer Molly a winter's schooling as well as her board; for Mrs. Parsons knew that Mr. Bates was not really able to be as generous as his nature made him.

Molly was delighted, and her nimble fingers at once began on the needful sewing. The Newfield dressmaker came for a week, and cut over Mrs. Bate's wedding-dress, a dark blue repped silk, for the girl's best gown; there was a gray merino bought for school wear, and last year's brown one sponged and altered for a change; a little round felt hat with a band of velvet, for every day, and a dark blue velvet turban for Sundays, came from the milliner's shop in Tauton, and with a beaver cloth black sacque and a blanket shawl, Molly's list of outside wear was completed. She was to get some gloves in New York and a pair of overshoes; all the rest of her garments she and her mother had made, and they were warm and abundant. Molly thought herself a very lucky girl However, when she arrived at her aunt's house, though Alida and Amy were kind in their welcome, and Aunt Frances put both arms about her, kissed her warmly and said: "My dear child; you've got your mother's eyes!" Yet Molly felt like a stranger of a different race; her shoes seemed to make a noise like horseshoes as she followed Amy's light steps up the polished stair-case to her room, and her dress, fashioned by old Miss Pettibone, seemed uncouth enough in comparison with Alida's dainty gown of soft wool and delicate silk, fitting her slender figure with perfect grace, and trailing its long draperies over the rich carpet of the upper hall. Frank was not there, or she might have been happier and more at home. When Amy left her to put her hat and sacque in the closet, unpack her trunk, and brush her hair for the late dinner which was just ready, Molly's heart sank like lead; oh, if she were only home again! but she resolutely put the thought away; she was there at her own wish; she was going to school without expense to her father; she would not give way to regret or fear; the words Hiram said to her as he shook hands at the gate when she came away flashed across her.

"Keep your courage up, Molly; don't let outsides daunt ye. Your folks here to home is wuth more to ye than the hull city. Think o' that."

Molly did think of it, set her red lips firmly, and went down to dinner in her old brown dress, her heavy shoes, her simply-knotted hair, as self-possessed a girl as Amy herself. Uncle Parsons was a kind-hearted man, very busy abroad, very pleasant and cordial at home; but his eyes were keen. He had not been in business thirty years without learning to know people by their faces; yet he was a little puzzled today. Frank had talked a great deal about his summer in Newfield, and had given his father an idea that Molly was a pretty, weak-headed, perhaps silly, little country girl. He could not make this face and that character agree. Next day Aunt Parsons took Molly to school. She meant to wait till she had somewhat changed the girl's dress, but Mr. Parsons objected.

"See what sort of stuff she's made of, Frances; let her find her own level. If she turns out to be a doll, dress her; if she's a good-for-nothing girl, why you can change her attire if you want to; but she will be worth it."

However, Molly stood the test. The school-girls laughed at her scant, short dress, and she laughed, too.

"You can't expect a country maid to be in the last fashion, girls," she said. "I've come to learn, and I shall learn style, perhaps, as well as French and physiology."

She made absurd apologies for the noise of her shoes.

"You know I came from the Old Granite State; you must expect me to be heavy, and have a solid understanding!"

The girls were conquered by her cheerful front and readiness to laugh with them. Molly remembered Hiram's old saw:

"If you softly touch a nettle,
It will sting you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle'
Not a single sting remains!"

If the girl was sometimes homesick nobody heard of it; she wrote and received frequent letters; her own always full of every pleasant thing she could gather to tell to mother. Alida and Amy were all the time on the wing; balls, parties, dinners, visits, filled their time, so that Molly saw very little of them. When winter really set in Mrs. Parsons bought Molly a handsome fur-trimmed cloak, and a muff to match, and one day Amy took her out shopping; they went into a milliner's where Amy wanted to order a little bonnet for the next evening, as she was to join a party for the opera.

After the white plush and blush roses had been discussed and agreed on, the voluble milliner turned to Molly, whose pretty rosy face shone from under the brim of her blue turban:

"And you, Miss? What shall I do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Molly.

"Oh! but I've the very bonnet for you here—a *bebe* bonnet! Just your youthful style, and matching your fur."

She whisked out a little silver-gray bonnet from a drawer, trimmed simply with gray satin ribbon of two shades and big silver pins; a puff of pale rose velvet filled the brim; even Molly's uneducated eye perceived its style and taste, but, before she could even admire it, her turban was swiftly lifted and the French bonnet set on her hair and tied deftly under her dimpled chin.

"Oh, Molly!" exclaimed Amy, "that is just lovely on you."

Molly peeped into the mirror beside her. The hat was more becoming than she had thought. The velvet matched her silver-gray furs, and the rose-hued lining contrasted with her brown curls and hazel eyes beautifully.

"It is just the vary thing," said Madame Arles, who affected a French accent, though she was born and bred within sight of Franconia Notch. "I must send it to you, Miss. It is but twenty dollars."

"Oh, no!" said Molly. "I can not buy it. I have a hat already."

"Oh; but it is poor velvet, this turban. It is not the mode, neither. This is the thing, entirely. Not so, Miss Parsons?"

"It is very pretty and very becoming," said Amy, casting a contemptuous look on Molly's country-made headgear.

"But I don't want it," said Molly, putting on her turban and resolutely leaving the shop.

Three days after a little bandbox was left at Mrs. Parson's door, directed to Molly. When she came from school it was on her dressing-table, and within it the pretty bonnet—and the bill. Molly's face grew set. She retied her school hat, picked up the bandbox and went down into the dining-room where her aunt was at lunch.

"Aunt Frances," she said, "will you excuse me from lunch? I want to go down to Madame Arles' shop."

"What is the matter, Molly? You look very determined," asked her aunt; and Molly explained.

"Just one of her tricks!" remarked Amy; "she sent 'Tilda Forbes a bonnet just in that way last year; and 'Tilda kept it."

"But I shall not," said Molly. "Amy, did she say any thing about it after I left you there?"

"She only said it was a pity you would not take the bonnet, it was so becoming; and I said yes, it was; then I hurried out after you."

"Wouldn't you prefer to wait till after lunch, and go down in the carriage with me?" asked Mrs. Parsons.

"Oh, no, thank you; I want to take it directly back," and Molly walked off with the box.

Alida shrugged her shoulders, a trick she had learned abroad.

"I would not face Madame Arles with that bonnet for a good deal," she said.

But Molly did face the angry milliner.

"Your cousin order it, she did!"

"No, Madame, she did not," answered resolute Molly. "She told me just what she said; nobody ordered it. I do not want it, and I shall not take it." And in a torrent of words she left the store, a little pale and frightened, but leaving the box behind her.

"You did right," was her aunt's comment.

Shortly after this affair Mr. Bates brought little Achsah down to stay a few days with her sister. The child was nearly crazy with the sights and sounds of the great city, and Molly never had harder work in her life than walking with Axe down Broadway. She never dared trust her with any one else; but Axe was eager to go with Frank, evidently thinking he would not restrain her as Molly did. One day, as she turned from a window full of toys, where she had kept her patient sister waiting at least fifteen minutes, she saw Frank a few steps off going down the street; suddenly she pulled her hand from Molly's and ran after him. Molly followed, thinking naturally that the child would overtake Frank, and that he would stop till she caught up with them; for he had never been anxious, in spite of Axe's entreaties, to guide her through the city.

But before Axe quite reached the boy he turned to cross the street, hurrying to dodge the heavy vehicles that crowded the roadway. Mollie flew, for she saw an omnibus rolling down right above the crossing, and unconscious Axe trotting along regardless of danger.

One moment of horror, a swift spring, and Molly had caught Axe's dress and pulled her back, but slipped herself, and the horse nearest to her had trodden on her arm and broken it, before the lookers-on could stop the omnibus, or the driver saw what was the matter. But the horses were stopped just before the wheel was about to cross the prostrate girl; and she was lifted from the mud, the uninjured hand still grasping Axe, who was roaring with fright and anger.

Molly opened her eyes on the sofa of a shoe-store. Axe kicking and screaming in the arms of a strange man; her own dress covered with dirt, and her left arm hanging helpless; but she could tell where she belonged, and a carriage was sent for at once.

Poor Molly! her holidays were spoiled. Axe was sent home at once in great dudgeon, and the bruised and broken arm was five long weeks painful and helpless before she could again use it. In all that time she was so patient, so enduring, so cheerful, that every one of the household became deeply attached to her; and the first day she was able to come to the dinner-table Uncle Parsons said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Frank, you used to tell me Molly was such a coward; and here she has faced down a milliner whom neither Alida nor Amy would have dared to encounter!"

"No indeed!" they both chorused.

"And dragged her small sister from under a pair of omnibus horses; and had a compound fracture set without a cry. How is that for a coward?"

"Oh, Uncle Parsons!" exclaimed Molly, "Frank is right. I was awfully afraid of Madame Arles and of the horses and of the doctor. I am afraid of almost every thing."

"But you did those things just as if you were brave."

"Oh yes; they had to be done whether I was afraid or not."

"H'm," said Uncle Parsons.

Dear reader, what do you think? Was Molly a coward.—*Rose Terry Cooke, in N. Y. Independent.*

BOOK CANVASSING.

How the Wily Agent Acquires the Soft Blandishments Which Insure Success.

"Well," said the canvasser, putting his portfolio on an adjacent desk, while he presented his autograph album and produced pen and ink from a secret recess in his vest, "Now let me tell you that gall is not such a pre-eminent ingredient in a book canvasser's make-up as you and a great many other persons seem to imagine. Our first lessons are taken from the Bible, which teaches meekness and humility. A real book canvasser never loses his temper; he never gets angry; he never argues; but he gradually leads the conversation into pleasant channels, and makes life as agreeable and enjoyable to all around him as he possibly can. The only resistance a true canvasser will make to anybody is when his calling is impeached. He is early taught to stand up for the honor of his calling, in spite of all that may be told him of it. There are black sheep in every flock, and all men should not be held responsible for the sins of a few.

"The best way, though, to illustrate our teachings is to tell you how we work—and all we do comes out of our course of study, as you call it—our book of instructions, as we call it. We depend on ourselves to the largest possible extent. Sometimes we have a helper, that is, a gentleman or lady of a certain neighborhood who, in consideration of a free copy of the book, introduces us to certain people, but the great trouble about helpers is that they insist on talking and recommending your work after introducing you, thereby displaying their interest and injuring your prospects. It is harder to keep the 'helpers' quiet than to get along without them, so I choose not to have them. The power of influence we, of course, fully recognize—but it is the influence of example by leaders either in society or business. For this reason we are always glad to have good names to show—some names in the building, in the block or in the immediate neighborhood. On approaching a gentleman whose subscription we desire to secure we have several things to consider, and I shall mention them in their order. We generally ascertain the gentleman's name, and we make it a point never to forget a name once acquired. It is pleasanter and more effective to call a man by his name when you meet him the first time because it makes him feel that his importance is appreciated, and that his fame is not confined to his family and immediate friends. After meeting him we look him squarely in the eye, and, without staring him, hold him as the ancient mariner held his friend with his glittering orb. There is great power in the human eye, and, besides, it shows that you are not doing any thing that you are ashamed of. If the person is engaged, or "too busy," we try to make an appointment for some other time. If we are canvassing in families and there are children present, we notice them and say nice things about their looks or comment on their resemblance to the head of the house.

"The next thing after securing attention is to create a desire on the part of the person to see what you've got, for desire must precede demand. That is another of our axioms. We never show our books until we have created the necessary desire. You may have observed that I tried to keep my portfolio hidden by the flap of my overcoat. When we do show our book we do not let it go out of our hands, but beginning at the cover, we explain all its good points, putting our descriptions into the best words we can master. We keep cool, do not hurry; are concise and direct in our language, and try never to weary or worry our customer. Then we secure the order. As soon as the customer shows signs of yielding, we have pen and ink ready—we always carry ink—and obtain his signature while his mood is favorable. After getting the signature we keep away from the subscriber until we are ready to deliver the book, and the delivery is made at a time when we know the subscriber has money—when he gets his salary if a working-man, and after crop time if he lives in the country.

"Objections? Oh, gracious, yes, we hear plenty of objections. We are taught to expect them, and we train ourselves to meet and answer them. In doing this we aim to be pleasant and happy without being offensively smart, and we avoid, as far as possible, direct answers or labored arguments. Agents who are afraid to depend on their own facilities in such emergencies have a manual from which they may study and memorize answers to the ordinary objections which are offered."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—Marble Cake.—Whites of four eggs, one cup white sugar, half-cup butter, half-cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream-tartar, half-teaspoonful soda. Black part: yelks of four eggs, one cup of brown sugar, half-cup baking molasses, half-cup butter, half-cup sour milk, one teaspoonful cinnamon, half nutmeg, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful and a half soda. Put the black and then the white. It is very nice.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—Spanish Buns.—One pint of flour, one pint of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter, four eggs, beaten separately, one teacup of yeast, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one grated nutmeg. Knead well, roll out, cut out in large biscuits, let rise and bake; when taken from the oven sprinkle with white sugar.—*Good Housekeeping.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Oscar Wilde has grown fat and is a stranger to æstheticism.

—President Washington made a point of dining on codfish every Saturday.

—Lieutenant E. N. Clinch, by the will of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, becomes the richest officer in the army.

—Colonel Sir Reginald Ranson, the new Lord Mayor of London, used to be the best foot-ball player at Rugby.

—Oakey Hall, formerly mayor of New York, has become a naturalized English subject. He says he never expects to see America again.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Mrs. John Davis, daughter of the late Secretary of State Frelinghuysen and well known in Washington social circles, has become a hopeless paralytic.

—Osgood Bradbury, who died in New Gloucester, Me., a few days ago, aged ninety years, was born in the town where he died. His dying words were: "Hold me; I'm falling."

—Maud Smith was a Nashville girl who studied opera and is now on the lyric stage, but not as Maud Smith. Oh no! Her stage name is Silva Dolaro, and it should earn her many.

—Hiram P. Revels, the first colored man elected to the United States Senate, is now a well-to-do farmer in Mississippi. There have been two negro Senators and thirteen representatives.

—The Boston *Budget* notes as a singular fact that two of the biggest men in that city, physically and intellectually, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Judge Horace Gray, remain obstinate bachelors.

—It is said that Richard H. Dana, Jr., received only $250 for the manuscript of "Two Years Before the Mast." The publisher netted over $50,000 but Dana never received any thing from him beyond the sum promised.

—General Horace Porter said the other night that no description of a woman could be happier and juster than that famous one: "Corporeal enough to attest her humanity, yet so transparent that the Divine light shines through."

—When Lincoln ran for Congress, says the *Century Magazine*, some of the Whigs contributed a purse of $200 to pay his personal expenses in the canvass. After election was over the successful candidate handed back $199.25. "I did not need it," he said. "I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing, and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider which some farm hands insisted I should treat them to."

HUMOROUS.

—There are many people in this world who, not having the slightest knowledge of sculpture, nevertheless are noticeable for cutting very good figures.

—Elevating Rapture.—
Said Jones—"She's plighted her hand to me.
I'm happy enough to climb a tree!"
Said Brown to Jones—"Don't be soft-headed,
You'll have more cause when you are wedded."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—First Dude—"Aw! Cholly, what's the mattah?" Second Dude—"Got a bad cold, m' deah fella, bad cold." "Too bad, too bad, m' boy. How did you take such a vulgah thing as that?" "Last night I dreamt I was tobogganing."—*Omaha World.*

—Stern Father—"Young man, I saw you hug my daughter as you took your leave last night." Young Man—"Well, didn't I do it scientifically?" "I want no insolence, you scamp. You must repress such proceedings." "I'd rather re-press the girl."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—A paper published at Vassar College is authority for the statement that a girl can limit her identical expenses at that institution of learning to twenty-five dollars per annum. This allows twenty dollars for chewing gum—if she has not been slandered—but we can't imagine how she invests the other five dollars.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Nurse—"Oi'll have to lave yez, mum." Lady—"Why so, Mary Ann?" Nurse—"Well, mum, the baby's gittin' old." Lady—"I don't see what difference that makes." Nurse—"Why, ye see, mum, the baby's gittin' to be a blonde an' Oi'm a brunette. We don't look well together. Yez'll have to dye the baby mum, or I must lave yez."—*Rambler.*

—A minister, walking along the road, met a wag, who said: "You know the fatted calf that was killed on the return of the Prodigal Son; was it a male or a female?" "It was a female," responded the minister. "How do you know that?" the wag asked. "Because," said the minister, looking the wag straight in the face, "I can see the male is alive now."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Gertrude—"You ought to hear Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony, Cousin Tom; it is perfectly grand." Cousin Tom—"I should think for that symphony the musicians must have their instruments tuned to the high Cs." And then Cousin Tom wondered why Gertrude gave him such a cold, stony stare, and wouldn't tell him any thing about Rubinstein's symphony or any other music.—*Boston Post.*

The Influence of Environment.

Rev. Thomas Brydges, a missionary in Tierra del Fuego, in the large island of Onisin, among the Ona and the Yagbons, mentions a curious circumstance with reference to the people, illustrating the influence of environment on the acquirement of habits. Between men and women there is a fair subdivision of labor. Among other things, the men make and fit up the canoes, but the women are the rowers. The result is that the women are good swimmers, but the men can not swim at all. The reason is that often on the coast there is not a single tree to which to fasten the canoes. The women, therefore, after landing their husbands, have to row the canoes to a spot where seaweed has been massed together, in order to moor the canoes thereon; after which operation they are compelled to swim back. So, also, when the canoe is wanted, the women have to swim out for it and row back for their husbands.—*N. Y. Post.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A KING'S DOMINION.

The carpet in the parlor is no better than the floor;
Of the carpet in the library one can say little more;
There's a good one in the dining-room, although it's rather small;
But the carpet in the nursery is nicest of them all.

There's a palace in the middle, circled with a wall of black,
With a moat of yellow water, four brown pathways running back
Through a fearful, frightful forest from the windows to the door,
'Round four lakes of deep dark water with green griffins on the shore.

At the corners there are castles, and in one King Arthur reigns;
In the north one is a giant, and the south is Charlemagne's.
But the castle in the corner by the closet is the best,
And from this I rule my kingdom and reign over all the rest.

But the middle park and palace are a very wondrous place—
Statues, vases, fairies, graces, flowers and bowers through all the space,
'Tis a garden of enchantment, and the dreadful ogress there
Is my sister—You should see her when she rumples up her hair!

Now, it's very, very seldom that I'll play with dolls and girls,
'Cause I used to go in dresses, with my hair like Mary's curls;
But there's first-rate fun in playing, on a rainy indoor day,
That her doll's a captive Princess, to be rescued in a fray.

So with Knights of the Round Table and with Paladins of France,
Charlemagne and I and Arthur through the wicked wood advance;
And we always have such contests, before all these wilds are crossed,
With the giant and the griffins, that half our knights are lost.

But at last we reach the portals, and the lovely Princess see,
Then the ogress, with her magic, captures every one but me;
And transfored to wood and pewter in her dungeons they repine—
But I bear away the Princess, so the victory is mine.

—*Ernest Whitney, in St. Nicholas.*

BUILDING A RAILROAD.

A Story Which Explains Some Things and Leaves Other Things for Young Wits to Find Out.

"Come, boys," said Will to the others, "I'm tired of this humdrum play. Let's get up something new and big."

"Agreed," came from the others; "but what shall it be, Will?"

"A railroad," was the prompt reply.

And they all shouted: "A railroad! hurrah, boys! that's just grand. We'll do it. But who knows how?"

"I do," came from Will. "Father's an engineer, and you see I hear him talk to mother about it every day."

"Your father an engineer!" exclaimed several. "Don't Mike Riley and Tim Sullivan run all the engines?"

And Will answered with a loud "Ha, ha, ha! Run engines! ha, ha, ha!" and his sides shook with laughter. "Compare my father to Mike and Tim! My father builds railroads."

An they all said "Oh!" "But what is the first thing, Will, to build a railroad? A spade and hoe, or what?"

"Money; ten hundred thousand dollars, and just as much more as you can get. Father says you can do any thing with money; but all the money in the world couldn't have saved little sister Rose from dying." At that a large tear came to Will's eye, and the boys all looked at him in silence.

Then he wiped his eyes and went on: "Come, boys, say how much you'll give to the new railroad."

Thereupon Will smoothed off a spot in the sand and wrote his name, and opposite he put, "The right of way and no charge for engineering."

"And what's 'the right ot way?'" they asked.

"You can't build roads in the air. You must have ground, and when you get it, you've 'the right of way.' See? I'll get that from father, down in the orchard, along the trout brook."

"Good for you, Will," they all shouted.

"Here, Rob, you sign for the ties; Alec, for the rails, and Jim for the rolling stock; Dan must build the depot. Come up, now, and sign like men of enterprise. Be liberal and prompt, and we'll have the cars running by the first of June, and declare a dividend—of fun at least—every day."

All this speech from Will. And each one wrote his name under Will's saying what he would give or do.

Then came the word of command from our young engineer:

"Now to business. Each one to his home as fast as his legs will carry him, and bring an axe or spade or hoe or some tool. I'll run to father for the charter—what's that? Then let's make the dirt fly."

When I went by a few days after, by the foot of the orchard, sure enough, there they were: coats off, each one busy as a bee, Will acting as engineer.

The grading—what's that?—was nearly all done. Will said they would lay the ties—what are they?—and rails (?) the next Monday, and soon I should hear the whistle.

True to his promise, on the appointed day came the "toot, toot, toot," louder and louder till the hills sent back the sound.

I looked, and there came the train, built of wood "from stem to stern," and drawn by two stout goats, instead of steam, while Jim sat on the engine with a tin horn to his mouth, his cheeks puffed out like two pumpkins.

That's years ago. Will is now Mr. William ——, a first-class railroad man. So are some of the others.—*Pansy.*

Both So Beautiful.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh!" replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter; but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off; and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful!"

Before long, the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance only a rough, begrimed laborer; but, before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes, the room became a palace and the man a magician.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

A Brisk Blind Man.

A familiar figure in London is that of a blind old man who runs after a dog. The blind man has a placard on his chest, and in other respects he is like the typical blind beggar, but he runs along after his little four-footed guide in a very original fashion. Such guides usually move along at a snail's pace; this little creature either runs or moves at a brisk trot. The result is that the master and dog are enabled to pass swiftly through great crowds. In some of the thoroughfares men with good eye-sight move slowly and with difficulty; but the begger and beggar's dog cut a swath wherever they go. The old man's stick is no sooner heard, hurriedly knock-knock-knocking on the pavement, than the foot-passengers stand aside to avoid a collision.—*Golden Days.*

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The Only Way in Which it Can Be Made Passably Popular.

There is no question, when every thing else has been said, that the thing which more than all else operates to keep many women from domestic service is the feeling that it is socially degrading. The house servant is considered as of a lower caste than the shop girl or factory operative. No one can give an intelligent reason why this is so; but the fact stands out in sharp distinctiveness. It is an utterly unreasonable prejudice, and it has its influence, more or less, with all of us. And the unfortunate thing about it is that argument has little weight against prejudice.

Nevertheless, if we know where the root of the evil lies we can set ourselves to overcome it. If it is intrinsically as honorable to prepare the meals for a family and to do the hundred things that go toward making domestic life comfortable as it is to do endless stitching on undergarments; if it requires more intelligence and versatility to be a competent domestic servant than to run a machine with its incessant repetition of the same thing over and over again, then let us say so and feel so. The unreasonable prejudice may gradually be overcome. It can not be battered down with logic—we are speaking of society in general—but we believe it may be gradually lived down. Then we shall have relief for those whose pride keeps them from an occupation in which they think they will lose caste. We shall have also better services than is now too often the case. But this improved feeling—for it is feeling more than thinking—will be a growth. What we should aim at is to get it growing vigorously as rapidly as possible.

Let us add that very much may be done here by individual effort. Every employer of domestic servants can do much to show that she regards their labors as worthy and themselves as entitled to respect. She can evince a personal interest in them and can cultivate in them a wise self-esteem. There is no need of waiting for a combined social movement in this direction. Let individual effort be put forth and good will follow.—*Christian Worker.*

PROPERTIES OF COCOA.

A South American Traveler's Experience With the Stimulant.

One of the greatest articles of consumption of the Indians is the cocoa leaf. It is universally used by them. Many do not even know what tobacco is. The Indians alone use it. The so-called bon ton have cast it aside, writes a traveler in Bolivia. I gave it a thorough test, desiring to study its properties. For five days before starting I took my regular fig. In place of breakfast I consumed about two ounces of cocoa leaves, chewing them and swallowing the saliva. I was astonished at the result. I went all day without eating, traveling on mule-back. In the evening I not only felt no bad effect, excepting a little restlessness, but arrived quite fresh. I feel confident that too little attention has been paid to this invaluable natural stimulant. The Quichoas have used it for centuries, and have thriven with it. They travel forty and fifty miles a day on foot, with no other food than a little cocoa tied round their necks in small pouches. One of these Indians is more grateful to you for a handful of fresh cocoa than for money.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—*Science* says that an unsinkable lifeboat recently patented by a gentleman in Buffalo, N. Y., possesses some novel features. The entire lower part of the boat is filled with sheets or slabs of cork, set up edgewise and fastened together. Above this is a filling of rushes, set up vertically and having their ends rendered water-proof. Above the cork and rushes is a water-tight deck, which separates the lower half of the boat from the upper half, where seats are provided for crew and passengers.

—Mr. Jonas Gilman Clark, who recently gave $1,000,000 to found a college in Massachusetts, was born on a farm, grew up, got a little schooling, learned a trade or two, sold tinware of his own make to the peddlers, opened a rag and junk store, which subsequently became a hardware store, went to California in 1849, made his pile in business, sold gold during the war at the war premium and invested in Government bonds, subsequently made lucky investments in real estate, and is now worth nobody knows how much.—*Boston Herald.*

—There are two female physicians on the Back Bay, Boston, who are said to make ten thousand dollars a year from their profession.